

Good Morning 323

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

GRANDMA HAD LOVE PROBLEMS TOO



News from Home for St.P.O. Harold Bird

HERE is some good news for
Stoker Petty Officer Harold
Bird.

Your son David, aged 23,
and Patricia Ann, now 13
months, are both well again,
and are running about as
lively as crickets.

Your wife Edith was a real
brick. Although she had them
both on her hands at the same
time, she was a devoted nurse.

The youngsters are looking
a little bit serious in the pic-
ture, but that was because
they did not quite know what
to make of our photographer!

But they are great play-
mates. David had a black-
board and easel for Christ-
mas, and would like to teach
Patricia to draw, but, like a
girl, she prefers her doll.
They both look smart in their
new hats and coats, and Mrs.
Bird takes them out in the
park every sunny afternoon.
She says they are jolly good
company.

When we looked in at Vel-
der Avenue, Milton, it hap-
pened to be the day after your
birthday, and we promised to
pass on to you her hope that
you had a happy birthday, and
that the time would quickly
pass until your return.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

When Johann Pestalozzi-
introduced in 1775 his sys-
tem of educating poor chil-
dren in reading, writing and
practical industrial employ-
ment, it met with no success
at all.

In the days of the Spanish
explorers it was widely
supposed that somewhere in
South America was a coun-
try abounding in gold and
precious stones, an El Dor-
ado, or Golden Land, and
many expeditions, including
one by Sir Walter Raleigh,
went forth in quest of it.

To curse by "bell, book
and candle" was a form of
excommunication in the
Romish Church ending with
the words: "Do to the book,
quench the candle, ring the
bell."

LOVE is a serious business
for the lover, but to the
unattached it often seems hilar-
iously funny. What man hasn't
many a time got a good laugh
from the page of bleeding
hearts which Aunt Millicent
conducts in his wife's maga-
zine?

Winnie, of Walthamstow,
writes to "Home Comforts"
about her boy. "I met him
at a dance and he asked to
see me home. He has red
hair and wore a smart but-
terfly collar. Do you think
his intentions are honour-
able?" And Aunt Millicent
replies: "There is no harm
in a man taking you home,
Winnie. But don't build
your hopes too high on so
slight an acquaintance. One
day Love will come to you,
little girl. There will be no
mistaking the real thing when
Passion dawns."

It's a trite saying that in a
changing world the human
heart changes not at all. I've
found out it's true about the
feminine heart.

Way back in the 1850s, great-
grandmama, then a young girl,
was writing (sub-rosa, no
doubt) to her weekly paper
with just the same sort of
problems that confront Winnie
of Walthamstow to-day. And
the Aunt Millicents of those
times were applying their balm
in much the same manner.

Here are some extracts from
"The London Journal," a very
popular periodical in the 'fif-
ties and 'sixties, which ap-
peared under the heading
"Answers to Correspondents."
Only the different social con-
ventions separate the advice

She is writing to you every
few days, and believes you
are getting your mail safely.

Your mother, father, and the
two sisters, Hilda and Winnie,
all send their best wishes and
ask to be remembered to you.
And here is another little bit
of news—there is to be another
wedding in the family soon!

Hilda, as you know, is in
the Wrens, and her fiancé is
serving in the Royal Marines.
Mrs. Bird told us the wed-
ding bells will ring soon.

In the Valley of Maritza,
in Bulgaria, lies the finest
rose garden in the world,
forty miles in extent. Sev-
eral thousand tons of picked
petals from this garden go
to the making of attar of
roses every year. It takes
200lbs. of petals to make a
single ounce of attar, the
most famous and most
costly of all perfumes.

Saccharin is not a substi-
tute for sugar, and has no
food value. It is a coal-tar
product, 300 times as sweet
as cane sugar, and (in nor-
mal times) is simply a
sweetening agent where
sugar is forbidden, as in
diabetes.

The principle illustrated
by Sir Humphrey Davy's
safety lamp used in coal
mines is that flame sur-
rounded by fine wire gauze
will not light inflammable
gases.

from that given in to-day's
"Home Comforts."

"Emilie B.—Ben Jonson
sang, 'Drink to me only with
thine eyes,' and we fancy you
have drunk rather too much
with yours. We cannot lend
any countenance to such gar-
ling impropriety as trying 'to
catch the gentleman's atten-
tion'! It is his duty to try
to catch yours; so preserve

J. S. Newcombe looks up the old love magazines

your dignity, and the decorum
due to your sex, position, and
the usages of society."

"Unhappy One.—You are
jealous of your sister. Would
it not be advisable to bring
matters to a crisis by quarrel-
ling with your lover? By doing
that you will know the worst.
We should say the silly young
man has not made up his mind
which to have."

The widow suffering from
indigestion of matrimony was
also given a break by the edi-
torial Aunties.

"Charlotte, a widow, wants
to know whether she is too
old or ugly to be married
again? She knows well that
she is neither, but is trying
to coax us to help her to a
second choice."

"In such cases we sometimes
relax our rule, and may do so
in this one. Charlotte, there-
fore, we beg to state, is thirty-
one, with fine features, made
up of full bright grey eyes,
a short nose, smooth forehead,
cherry cheeks, and small rosy-
lipped mouth."

"Her hair is brown, silky,
wavy, and abundant, and her
figure tall and well devel-
oped. She weighs just four-
teen stone! She sings
sweetly, plays well on the
piano, and has a good for-
tune."

It sounds to me too good to
be true.

The Aunties were almost
rude about flirting, as this reply
to "Two Cousins" exempli-
fies:

"The Cousins are flirts: all
thing for lovers—as if they
were so many gudgeons. They
must be cautious, for when a
flirt is really caught—singed,
is the phrase—she is invari-
ably punished by the wither-
ing contempt of the man of
whom she is enamoured."

"Besides, flirting is heart-
less and unprincipled; it
leads to callousness in other
respects, sullies the female
mind, provokes retaliation,
and is sure to end in heart-
burnings, sorrows, and too
frequently disgrace."

Tragedy occasionally stalked
the columns of the "Journal."

"Alice Arden.—The mar-
riage was illegal and void. It
was lucky for you the real wife
pounced upon the villain at the
church door."

What would be called these
days the Aunties' "psychology"
was pretty shrewd. Here is
what they tell Constance:—

"Constance de Grey.—When
a young lady says she is afraid
of falling in love with a gentle-

man, she has already done so.

"As to avoiding him, why,
you might as well tell a
child, allowed all its own
way, to keep its fingers out
of its mother's marmalade
and raspberry jam. The ef-
fort, however, is worth mak-
ing, because it might have
the effect of fanning the
spark already kindled in the
gentleman's bosom into a
flame."

Not all the young ladies were
warm with feminine charm.
Lavinia had a masculine tough-
ness.

"Lavinia wants to be mar-
ried—but cannot obtain even a
sweetheart. She is afraid her
commanding appearance in-
timidates the young gentlemen
of her acquaintance."

"Nothing of the kind. It is
her anxiety, her feverish step-
ping out of her maidenly re-
serve, which has shocked their
preconceived notions of femi-
nine propriety—and so fright-
ened them into dumb signifi-
cance."

"Lavinia must be more re-
tiring, think less of herself,
and learn to spell better."

Kate wants the low-down on
kissing, and this is what the
Aunties write:—

"Kate's friends tell her
that the etiquette in court-
ship is not to allow the young
gentleman to kiss you until
he has proposed marriage.
A very good, because a safe,
rule; but we are afraid it
is not often observed."

"The first love-kiss gener-
ally precedes the declaration.
But the best etiquette would
be to reserve all the kissing
for the honeymoon...."

What a honeymoon that
might be! But if Kate was a
novice at kissing, it might
easily turn into a treacle-moon
for Adolphus....

And what do you make of
their reply to Hannah?

"Hannah H. informs us that
a gentleman, whom she likes
exceedingly, pays her great at-
tention, but, when out walking
together, his conversation is
invariably about parish affairs."

"Well, and why does not
Hannah talk about parish
affairs also? That would
show him that she took an
interest in his favourite pur-
suits...."

"We will give Hannah, and
all girls situated like her, a
hint. The shafts of Cupid
often—much oftener than is
supposed—find their way to the
heart of man through the
aperture in the letter-box of
business."

One feels that even we men
might learn something from
the advice which "The Lon-
don Journal" gave to Amanda.

"Amanda.—The young man
who spends his leisure time at
a tavern does not promise to
become a good husband; but as
there is plenty of room for him
to turn himself round upon
such a degrading habit, he
ought not to be despaired of."

"Let him first give up the
practice, and then, as his re-
form becomes gradually a
confirmed habit, gradually
lend encouragement to his
suit. At present tell him
that until he changes you
will be inflexible."

So if any of you boys feel
Passion dawning, you know
what Grandma felt about it.

Ron Richard's Shop Talk

HAD a letter from Shand
Street, Wishaw, the other
day, E.R.A. Malcolm McNeil.
The folks at home had just seen
"Good Morning" No. 247, and
they want an extra copy.

Everyone at home send
greetings to you and say that
all is well in at least one part
of Bonnie Scotland.

Your letters are getting
through—but not frequently
enough to suit your mother.

By the way, did I ever tell
you of the grand reception your
mother gave George Nixon and
me when we called to get a
message for you last Decem-
ber?

A boiled egg, hot rolls and
real butter, a generous Scotch,
and, before we left, a glass of
creme-de-menthe. More than
that, though, we sat by the fire
for an hour—after a month of
touring Scotland by bus, and
in December of all months; an
hour in front of a fire in an
ordinary home—well, it was
just like home, and that to two
soaking wet reporters was
something we haven't forgot-
ten.

We have been invited to your
next homecoming party—so
don't keep us waiting too long,
pal.

CENSOR doesn't permit men-
tion of names of these
submarines, but no doubt
someone will recognise this
recognition of jobs recently
done. I quote an Admiralty
report:—

Operating in difficult condi-
tions and far from their bases,
H.M. Submarines of the East-
ern Fleet are striking heavy
blows at Japanese shipping off
Sumatra and the Malayan
Peninsula.

During patrols since the be-
ginning of the year, one Japa-
nese cruiser of the Kuma
class has been sunk, and an-
other torpedoed and damaged.
Other sinkings include an air-
craft carrier of 7,000 tons, a
large supply ship, three of
medium size, and four of small
size, and several small naval
craft. At least one large and
one small supply ships have
been damaged.

A submarine, commanded by
Lieut. D. J. Beckley, D.S.O.,
R.N., sighted one of the Japa-
nese cruisers while she was
steaming on the surface at
night. The cruiser was es-
corted by three destroyers, but
the submarine immediately
attacked.

"We must have been pretty
close," said her First Lieuten-
ant, Lieut. C. J. Hardy,
R.N.V.R., "because the first
thing we saw was their wake."

"The next few minutes were
pretty hectic. The alarm buz-
zers sounded, we fired our
torpedoes and dived. We heard
an explosion. Then one of the
destroyers, which had been
heading straight for us, passed
right overhead. They ob-
viously had no idea where we
were, because the depth charges
were dropped a long way off.
The whole action was over in
twelve minutes, and they made
no further attempt to hunt for
us."

Before the war Lieut. Hardy
was a Customs and Excise of-
ficer. He is 26 years old, and
has a wife and child living in
Southsea.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
WINGFIELD, who has re-
cently been awarded a bar to
his D.S.O. for operations
against the Japanese, told how
his submarine sank two Japa-
nese ships by gunfire.

"Our first shot on one was a
direct hit," he said. "The Japs
started jumping into the water,
but the ship came on straight
towards us, and we had to take
avoiding action. We put some
more shells into her and she
sank."

"The other ship we shelled
must have been carrying oil,
for she burned fiercely." Lieut-
Commander Wingfield's subma-
rine is well known for her
surface actions. Her gunnery
officer, Lieut. J. F. Gibson,
R.N.V.R., has recently been
mentioned in despatches. His
home is at Peaslake, Surrey.



Lt.-Cdr. M. G. R.
Wingfield, D.S.O.

A SERIES of remarkable
escapes from death is re-
called by the award of the
B.E.M. to Leading Stoker John
L. Capes, R.N., of Southbourne.
He received his medal at a
recent investiture. By a lucky
chance he missed being as-
signed to the submarine
"Thetis" before she set out on
her ill-fated trials in Liverpool
Bay in 1939. Similar luck
came his way on one or two
other occasions, the vessels to
which he had at first been
posted and later re-assigned to
others having experienced sub-
sequent misfortune.

Leading Stoker Capes was
educated at "The Grange,"
Eastbourne, and Dulwich Col-
lege, joining the Royal Navy
in 1935. He is a very good
marksman, and figured in the
Dulwich College team which
competed at Bisley.

A few months ago he mar-
ried Miss Joan Elizabeth
Brightwell at Chichester. His
bride and his mother accom-
panied him to Buckingham
Palace to receive the medal.

COL. KNOX, U.S. Navy
Secretary, stated recently
that 15 Japanese ships have
been sunk by American subma-
rines in the Pacific.

Col. Knox said that subma-
rines' successes not pre-
viously announced included the
sinking of two Japanese trans-
ports, two tankers and 11
freighters. This made 642
ships sunk by American subma-
rines since the beginning of
the war.

The Japanese have accounted
for 19 American submarines in
the same period.

FOR outstanding cour-
age, skill, and un-
daunted devotion to duty in
successful patrols in H.M. Sub-
marine "Trident":—

D.S.C.—Lieut. P. E. Newstead,
R.N.; Lieut. A. J. Sumption,
R.N.V.R.

Bar to D.S.M.—C.E.R.A. A.
Muir, D.S.M. (of Nateley
Soures, Hants).

D.S.M.—C.P.O. A. V. Price;
P.O. Teleg. C. Jones; P.O. Cook
R. C. Fry, A.B. F. Whalley.

Our hats are off to you, gen-
tlemen. Pints on us if you're up this
way.

Ron Richards

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

THE DAGOES LEARN PART X PITCH AND TOSS *The Sea-green Grocer*

"DOS beeros frios, pronto!"

Old Dick demanded. The man in the sombrero placed two bottles of beer in front of them, swept in the first of the grocer's shillings without comment, and resumed his perch on the cask. But Old Dick was not to be thus lightly baulked of his linguistic exhibition.

"Marinero Ingles," he announced, tapping himself on the chest, "de la vapor 'Herod Antipas.' Esta pobre hombre aqui," he continued, pointing to Pybus, "no es marinero. Uno ladrone en Cuidad London rumpo la cabeza, mucho malo, mucho dolor." He went through extravagant motions of hitting the grocer on the head. The proprietor seemed to yawn in the shadow of his hat; nobody else took the slightest notice.

"Mas dos beeros, por favor," ordered the old sailor, the second and last shilling vanished from sight, and the man behind the counter smoked silently on. The linguist made a last valiant attempt.

"Capitan no passa plata," he said loudly, as though challenging anyone present to contradict him. "Si capitan passa plata, todos los hombres passa en terra. Mucho vino, much fandango, muchas margaritas, much dinero por los Espandillanos. Capitan no bueno, capitan ladrone caballo, capitan cabron."

"Well, did ye ever know a Welshman that wasn't?" demanded the proprietor with conviction, whipping off the gigantic sombrero and revealing the grinning face of Hairy Butler. "G'wan out of that wid yer beeros and yer fandangos. Is it in the Tower of Babel ye think ye are wid yer confusion of tongues, ye alluvial old reprobate?"

Old Dick's mouth hung open in amazement as the other "natives" disclosed themselves as the Professor, the bo'sun, and the Commandante with the taste for jam.

"What damned Irisher tricks was this?" he gasped. "The Professor and myself are holding a select hooley, in celebration of a brace of crates which come out unbeknownst to anyone in the forepeak. When we heard ye coming, we thought the Old Man and Whalebelly had seed them coming ashore and was coming in to raise hell, an' wid great presence of mind submerged in these Espandilliano haystacks. G'wan back now, like a good man, and see can ye get the loan of the lamp-trimmer's melodjeon, and fetch me old fiddle along. And mind don't be telling any of the fellas aboard where ye're going wid them."

"I will do anything what-effer to oblige you, Hairy," said Old Dick, completely mollified, and hurried through the door. "But he'll tell everybody, Hairy," said Pybus. "You're always saying yourself that he's too free with his tongue." "Of course the old croaker'll blow the gaff," said Hairy Butler cheerfully. "He'll have the whole foc'sle in his wake when he comes back."

"Then why did you send him at all?" asked the mystified grocer. "Because those crates Hairy spoke of are still in the forepeak, and we have to empty the foc'sle to get them ashore," explained the Professor candidly.

A brilliant shaft of light shot into the drinking shanty as Hairy Butler threw open a door at the back of the counter. The room thus revealed was plainly the proprietors' bedroom, and was sparsely furnished with a swinging hammock and a few highly coloured religious pictures, printed in Germany. Holding a powerful acetylene lamp, the proprietor stood before a large mirror, trying on neckties, twisting from side to side in an endeavour to catch his own reflection undistorted

by the advertisement for an American cattle food which took up most of the glass.

The proprietor was a stout little man with a bald head, having something of the appearance of an old family butler whose whiskers had been dyed a rich, glossy black. He was intent over a striking creation of cerulean blue, liberally mottled with pink velvet palm trees; he seemed to prefer this to a somewhat more restful design in which a golden rising sun radiated geometrically across a background of violet plush.

"All right, Alberto, ye can bring back the lamp," said the Irishman. "And ye'd better send them mozos to the 'Antipas' to get the rest of the stuff ashore; they know where it's stowed."

"Mas tarde, mas tarde," wheezed Alberto breathlessly. "First I looksee the so harmonious cravat, the cravat azul, the same you tell also wear the Ingles King." Puffing out his chest, he held the lamp up in front of himself and turned complacently round. "I am ver' pretty, ver' chic, is it not?"

"Ye may well say that," said Hairy Butler. "Solomon wid all his glory was not dressed up in the like of that." From beneath the counter he brought out his carpet bag, and proceeded to spread out its contents, caps, socks, mouth organs and electric torches, all, as he impressively announced, "from the exclusive house of Gabriel Slosberg."

For some time Pybus and the bo'sun were left to themselves as the others began to argue and bargain in Spanish, thumping the counter, pleading, shoulder-shrugging, and greeting each other's offers with scornful smiles.

"What's it all about, bo'sun?" asked the grocer. "The Commandante and Alberto is buying some stuff off Hairy and the Professor. They had to let me in on it when I seen the boxes down the forepeak. These fellas always has to make a bobby and hold a Portuguese parliament over a job like that; to hear their noise you wouldn't think there was a rummager or a vigilante within a mile of them."

"I think I hear a band," said Pybus suddenly. The others apparently had also noticed it, for the bargaining came to an abrupt conclusion as Old Dick entered.

"Music has come to soothe the salvage beast," he announced maliciously, as the rest of the crowd followed him in.

By Jasper Power

"Aye, yop," agreed the carpenter, in the tone of a man not certain of his welcome. "When I was a leetle boy in Mauritius there was niggers done that with the ole snakes."

"Aye, aye," chorused the group behind him, obviously feeling that he was handling a delicate situation with great tact. They edged imperceptibly farther in on the strength of it.

"Wot I always ses is this 'ere," confided Lobscouse 'tchens, carrying on the good work, "there's three things yer can't trust: snakes, women, and policemen."

"If ye'd add Welshmen, I wouldn't be the man to differ wid ye," said Hairy Butler, looking pointedly at Old Dick. "Bring yourselves to an anchor, anyway. Alberto, dispense the honours of yer Medical Hall, ye can finish stroking yer whiskers in the seclusion of yer virtuous boudoir. Gimme a holt of me old fiddle, ye amphibious Welsh Rechabite, and get on wid the hooley."

Five minutes later it was evident that the party would be a success, at least from Alberto's point of view. The deck crowd of the "Herod Antipas" lounged elegantly on barrels and packing cases, puffing with great content at eighteen-inch cigars and applauding Hairy Butler's masterly rendering of "The Peeler and the Goat."

The Bansa peeler went one night On duty, or patrolling, O; And met a goat upon the road And took him for a stroller, O.

With bayonet fixed he sallied forth And seized him by the weaz-and, O; And he swore out a mighty oath He'd send him off to prison, O.

I am no rogue or Ribbon man, No Croppy, Whig, or Tory, O...

"What the devil's come over ye now, ye heretical old souper?" demanded the Irishman, breaking off suddenly. "Prancing and skivvading as if ye were the original puckawn himself."

"That is the buck and wing, what I learned in Charleston, Carolina," said Old Dick proudly. "Lamps, can you play the 'Liverpool Jig' at me?"

"I can't," said the lamp-trimmer, in the adenoidal accents of Scotland Road. "But I'll give youse 'Maggie May'."

Oh, I can't forget the day That I first met Maggie May; I was standing on the corner, Canning Place.

I was jingling my tin, But I soon got taken in, By a girl in Canning Place named Maggie May.

Oh, you baggage, Maggie May, They have taken you away To die upon Van Dieman's cruel shore;

For you robbed so many sailors And you doped so many whalers That you'll never walk down Lime Street any more.

This lugubrious ballad proved both familiar and agreeable to the gathering in "El Diluvio." After each stanza they threw back their heads and joined in the refrain:

Queen Victoria very good man, Plenty panee in the pan, Tora t'ohinee, tora t'ohar, Bombay bibi bahut atoha.

"Viva, Viva," wheezed the proprietor, when the unfolding of Margaret's peccadilloes had been concluded. "Very nice song. She take his coat, his trowse, all his pay-off, everything. All places it is the same things. Let us then drink," he concluded, with a sigh.

"The Greeks held that women, fire, and the sea were three evils," said the Professor, "but we're clear of two of them to-night."

"And snakes and policemen," added the cook fervently, swallowing the carpenter's beer apparently by mistake. Infected by the musical atmosphere, Chips had broken into song, perhaps to assert his unshakable belief in the integrity of womankind.

Nobody contradicted him. "Señor Butler," said the Commandante, as he concluded a hearty snack of bread and jam, "speak me of those toss and pitch first you bring to Bogota. At the plaza de toros you it perform, no?"

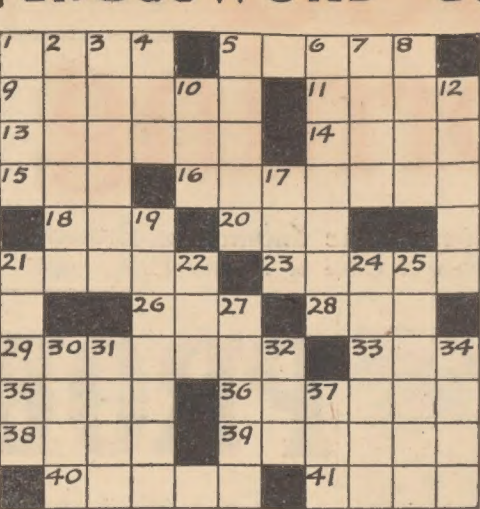
"Wid all the pleasure in life," agreed the Irishman. "Bring out yer mouldy pesos, and prepare to make yer pile, amigos. Ye come in in yer bare feet and saunter out in air balloons. Come here wid yer old pig-sticker, Alberto, 'twill do fine for the motty."

Deftly he snatched a long knife out of the proprietor's waistband, and stuck it upright in the earthen floor to act as a target. "Throw as near as ye can to that, me buckos," he explained, "and him that gets nearest throws up the lot and keeps all them that comes down heads; the rest following respectfully till there's none left. Heads or harps, and the devil keep them that stand up on their edge."

The Espadillanos took to pitch and toss quite as enthusiastically as the citizens of Bogota. They had mastered its intricacies in no time at all, and the result of each throw was greeted with fervent cheers and reverberating male-dictions.

The news quickly spread

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fish.
- 5 Answer.
- 9 Gorge.
- 11 Piece of land.
- 13 One of the U.S.A.
- 14 Marsh plant.
- 15 Triumphed.
- 16 Feeling of doubt.
- 18 Drag.
- 19 Droop.
- 21 Perfect.
- 23 Number.
- 26 Sharp sound.
- 28 Number.
- 29 Consents.
- 33 Foot.
- 35 Fish.
- 36 Begin again.
- 38 Cart awning.
- 39 Draw tight.
- 40 Plumpness.
- 41 Skin.

OFF CRIBBED
ROLL ACORN
BROAD EXIST
CONRAD DUE
HERDED FEEL
E AWARE L
ECRU GOURDS
DOE HEADER
SPACE MALAY
SLURS LIME
TEMPEST CIAW

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Bird.
- 2 Boy's name.
- 3 Way of approach.
- 4 Equip.
- 5 Lovely one.
- 6 Vertical.
- 7 Guiding fact.
- 8 Large number.
- 10 Bend forward.
- 12 Herb.
- 17 Cricketer.
- 19 Journal.
- 21 Unskilful.
- 22 Cover.
- 24 Respectability.
- 25 Hard coating.
- 27 Scottish Co.
- 30 Close cap.
- 31 Pick.
- 32 Ocean.
- 34 Travelled.
- 37 Mouthful of liquid.

through the little town, with the result that newcomers were continually squeezing into "El Diluvio" to share the sport. A detachment of vigilantes arrived and kept clear the arena with drawn swords. The Alcalde himself appeared, and was provided with a ring-side seat; Hairy Butler and the Commandante explaining the esoteric terminology of the game.

Bewildered by the shouts of "el motty," "eads y'arps," and "los mouldy pesos," Pybus had taken refuge behind the counter, where he sat unnoticed on a sack of bean-flour. The combined fumes of garlic, acetylene and cigars which filled the hot, overcrowded room had given him a splitting headache. Had it been possible to make his way to the door he would have gone back to the "Antipas," but he was too much in awe of the shining weapons in the hands of the vigilantes to make the attempt. From time to time perspiring individuals assured him that it was "mucho calor," but he shook his head uncomprehendingly, whereat they left him alone.

It was not until the carpenter also climbed over the counter that Pybus was roused from his lethargy. There was something furtive about the movements of the half-caste as he possessed himself of Butler's carpet bag, which roused the grocer's suspicions. Standing up, he saw that the carpenter was filling the bag with small bottles of aguardiente from one of the lower shelves. Indignantly he grabbed him by the wrists.

"Hey, Chips, you didn't ought to go pinching them bottles," he expostulated. The carpenter struck him on the fingers, as one raps the knuckles of an importunate child.

"You let me be," he said impatiently. "These ole bottles is only flotsam and jetsam, like what keeps the Receiver of Wrecks. Finding's keeping,

ain't it? Aye, yop, let me be." "It's stealing, that's what it is," argued the grocer, raising his voice stubbornly. "Let them things alone."

An insane glare came into the carpenter's face as he splintered an empty bottle on the edge of the shelf and thrust the jagged foot menacingly at Pybus. "Go quick, or I fix you, see," he shouted unsteadily.

"Hairy, the carpenter's gone silly," said the grocer. "He's stealing bottles, and he just tried to cut my face with a broken one."

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. Jinx is a drink, American dish, game, bad behaviour in the House of Commons, prison, dress material?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Berkshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Somerset, Dorset, Devon?
3. What would you expect to buy at (a) Billingsgate Market, (b) Smithfield Market?
4. To what islands were (a) Napoleon, (b) St. John, exiled?
5. Who wrote "The Importance of Being Earnest"?
6. Bucharest is in Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugo-Slavia, Czechoslovakia?
7. On which five grounds are Test Matches usually played?
8. Which film star was left a fortune of nearly £2,000,000 in 1936, and by whom?
9. Which famous regiments have a goat as their mascot; where do they get the goats?
10. What physical disability has Stalin?
11. What is the highest score that can be obtained with three darts?
12. Name three queens who were beheaded?

Answers to Quiz in No. 322

1. Door-frame.
2. Spree is in Germany; others in Britain.
3. (a) A woman's bag, (b) the outer skin.
4. Character created by Addison and Steele as the subject of essays in "The Spectator."
5. "The Old Vic."
6. Peary, April, 1909.
7. Lerwick.
8. George Robey.
9. The Retreat to Corunna, when their feet were wrapped in rags torn from their shirts.
10. Luxembourg.
11. Five.
12. Fresh water.

JANE

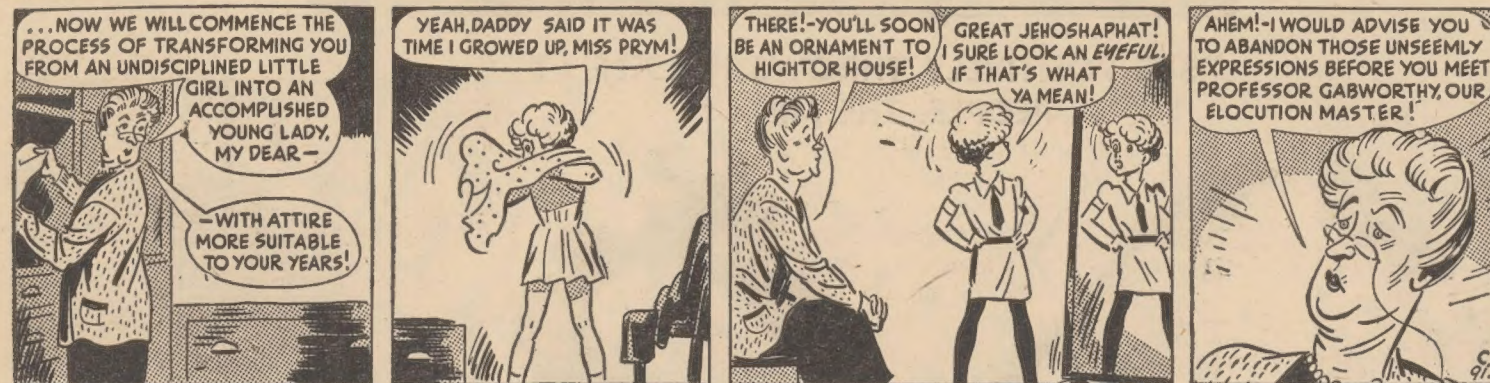
Jane is just about to dress for her cabaret act...



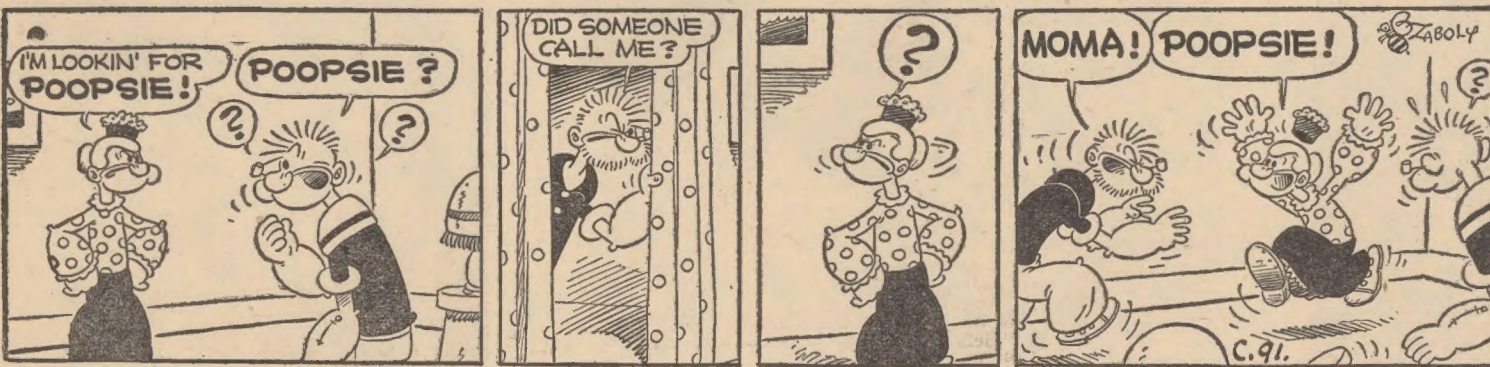
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



An Ocean under London

By Maurice Bensley

TWO Service men, home on leave, went to a charity dance, called for two glasses of water, and gave the barman a pound as a donation. "We're just home from the Middle East," one explained, "and water out there is worth its weight in gold."

That would have been no fairy tale in Britain either, if war damage to water supplies had proved really serious. It was largely the imminence of these risks that caused many City corporations and big public companies to seek an independent source of water supply.

This source they found in artesian wells.

The Bank of England has an artesian tube well with a yield of 5,000 gallons an hour. The B.B.C. has an artesian supply, so have three of the railway companies, many private firms, including John Barker, Kodak and Horlicks, as well as the London County Council itself.

These auxiliary supplies are, too a factor vital to the vastly increased demands for water—for industrial uses, fire-fighting reserves, swimming baths, nursery gardens.

London lies on a vast subterranean water basin of chalk 575 to 650 feet in depth, which can be tapped anywhere for almost unlimited supplies.

This vast catchment area stretches from Maidenhead, in Berkshire, to Gillingham, Kent, and from the Chilterns to the North Downs, in Surrey. Rain falling on the North Downs, and on the chalk escarpment near Dunstable, percolates through the chalk and keeps this enormous natural reservoir permanently full.

At depths from 600 feet, supplies of purest water, varying from 1,000 to 30,000 gallons an hour, can be obtained from a single borehole.

The old-time water diviner still takes a hand in determining where to bore for below-ground water.

During shaft-sinking, important scientific discoveries are constantly being made. These enabled the whole London water basin to be accurately charted. Borings can now be made anywhere over a forty-mile square in the London area with the virtual certainty of finding good, plentiful supplies at an estimated level.

While the Eighth Army battled its way through the great uncharted sands, water engineers preceded it, boring into selected desert rock formations. Often they found enough water to slake the thirst of thousands of parched troops in barren wastes which before had barely kept going a few hundred nomad Bedouins.

These borings will form new sources of supply for the settlers who will build where Mussolini virtually failed.

Existing water tunnels, too, have been found deep beneath Libyan sands. These had lain sealed since other warriors centuries ago discovered that water seeped from the Mediterranean through the porous limestone strata beneath the desert, filtering, in the process, to 100 per cent. freshness.

Sinking shafts on spec., R.E.s came upon these long, continuous water-courses through tunnels that must have been cut ages back, probably by the Greeks or Romans. But, as their entrance pits had long since been filled up by sand, no trace remained to show where the ancient engineers had descended to bore the tunnels.

Reconditioned by our sappers, the long-hidden, Mediterranean-born rivers are now providing thousands of gallons of fresh water daily for large areas till now dependent on small, uncertain wells.

While blasting in the heart of the Rock of Gibraltar, R.E.s recently unearthed a chain of huge fairy-palace caverns. Comprising several connected chambers, their intricate roof structure resembles the delicate tracery of a beautiful cathedral. The crystal-set floors might have been the richly patterned carpet in the palace of some fabulous nabob.

Sealed for 20,000 years, the caverns revealed what is of lasting importance to the Rock—an underground lake forty yards long and up to twenty feet deep. It is estimated to hold about 70,000 gallons of crystal-clear water—a heaven-sent solution of the Rock's age-old problem of fresh-water supply.



The caves at Gibraltar.

**Good
Morning**

"SWING IT
BROTHER, EIGHT
TO THE BAR"



At first glance we'd
say that guy was
"bone lazy."

"SHE POSITIVELY THROWS HERSELF AT
PEOPLE, THE MINX"



**THE NIGHT
WATCHMAN?**

Still, it was his own
fault he was sent to
bed early, so what?



Bonnie Scotland

The grandeur of the
hills, Glen Cova,
Angus.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, he certainly
won't be caught
'napping'."

